



Hungry, Hungry Martians

Written by By Jon Thompson

It seemed mankind's crowning moment -- a time when the whole world was frozen, watching together over their televisions as our most defining moment in history was made. Visitors had landed. Aliens. Finally, after centuries of speculation and ceaseless stargazing, humans realized that they truly were not alone.

They landed on a Tuesday in early March in a small, New Jersey town just a short ways from New York. The news cameras were there instantly, ready to document the footage and broadcast it live to the entire world. An emissary from the government was dispatched quickly to establish contact. He strode forward towards the vessel with an M.P. to either side of him. As he approached a door opened, and a platform lowered down. Down it walked two small, grey aliens. They had tiny, skinny bodies with huge, egg-shaped heads and big, dark eyes (you know the type).

The emissary extended his hand firmly and confidently to welcome the strangers. One of them stepped forward and examined the appendage carefully, inquisitively. Then the alien took the emissary's hand into his own and shook it . . . and then bit right into it.

What follows happened in mere seconds. The emissary screamed in pain, fighting to get his gnawed hand back. One of the M.P.s fired a round into the attacking alien, but it simply continued to eat. The other M.P. fired a round into the other alien's head, blowing half of it across the ground. He was eaten first. More aliens got out of the vessel, then more vessels landed.

Now humanity stands in what could be the twilight of its days. The aliens have landed everywhere, and their only objective seems to be consuming the flesh of living humans. What's worse is that all humans bitten by the aliens are soon turned into zombies themselves. However, the humans have far less selective tastes and have taken to eating everything with a drop of blood in it. If something is not done soon, then the world will soon be consumed by zombies.

There is a story behind these aliens, unknown to any human being. The aliens used to be a peaceful people, who lived in a world that was a virtual paradise. They had discovered our world and had, in fact, been biding their time before they would land and impart their secrets on to us, so that we too could live in perpetual bliss. But then something happened. A strange virus of cosmic origin landed on their planet and began to rapidly infect the aliens. Their vital functions ceased, and they were overcome with an unstoppable urge to consume living flesh. In short, they became zombies. Once their world had been decimated, the aliens piled into their space ships and made their way over to ours. The Earth became little more than a juicy nectarine, ripe for the plucking.



Hungry, Hungry Martians Story Ideas

Taste-Testers

In this scenario, the aliens have sent down a scout party to do a final investigation of the planet and to take some samples of the cuisine. They chose the small town of Bishop, South Dakota and landed just outside it. The aliens plan on hosting their very first American barbeque, and the whole town is invited.

The Cast Members are either locals or travelers passing through. The town is very small, so nothing too fancy should be allowed. The adventure is fairly straightforward, but may take any number of directions. The aliens could land and stalk the townspeople one by one, or they could go in guns blazing.

As far as a resolution is concerned, this could go any number of ways too. Remember that this is a scouting party, so if they find anything that would deter them from landing, they will report to the mother ship. This might delay or prevent the landing. Furthermore, the scouting party's ship is wired to the mother ship's mainframe, so the players could conceivably crack into it and download something quite interesting, like say . . . a complete map of all planned landing sites. Of course, convincing the government that the aliens finally are coming is a task in and of itself.

Then again, if the players do not do so well, then this adventure could just be one big, fat appetizer.

The Survivors

In this scenario, the aliens have already landed, and things are not going too well for Earth. Asia has been largely wiped out, Europe stands to fall next, and North America is on the brink of collapse. Only South America awaits harvesting by the aliens. The invasion went very smoothly, and the high susceptibility of the humans to the zombie virus made things fall apart that much quicker.

Fortunately for the humans, they have been presented with what may just be their ace in the hole, and it came from, of all places, outer space. A ship full of living survivors from the aliens' home world landed in Cape Canaveral, Florida (note that all cities with facilities for constructing space-faring craft have been spared . . . so far). They do not have a cure for the virus, but they do know how to shut down the aliens' computer system and stop the invasion.

A band of heroes (the Cast Members) is assembled rapidly and shot into space with the equipment and info that will hopefully save the world. Their mission is to infiltrate the mother ship and shut it down, destroying anything possible along the way. On board the mother ship, they are faced with the fiercest of the aliens' forces, including many things that have yet to be seen or unleashed.

If things go well, the Cast Members shut down the computer network, thus disabling most of the invading aliens' major equipment and cutting them off from their center of intelligence. Hopefully, the players will be able to blow up the mother ship and make it out alive to tell about it. While up there, the players might discover that the aliens did in fact find a cure for their condition. A small group of alien scientists discovered one just before being slaughtered by their fellow alien zombies. All that remains are their notes. If these are recovered then a cure can be manufactured, and humanity just might stand a chance of living through this.



Story

Characters

Support





Laser Gun

A hand held pistol that shoots a red laser beam and makes a goofy "pew pew" sound. It is made for large hands, giving humans a -1 skill penalty to using it. The appropriate skill is Guns (Laser Gun).

Range: 20/100/300/1200/2000

Damage: D6 x 5(15)

Cap: Infinite battery, but overheats after 10 Turns of use and must cool for 15 Turns.

EV: 2/1

Cost: N/A

Avail: Plenty on board ship

Photon Gun

A bigger gun that makes a bigger, but still goofy sound. Destroys any matter its beam comes in contact with. It is also made for large hands and confers a skill penalty of -1 to any humans trying to wield it. The appropriate skill is Guns (Photon Gun).

Range: 10/30/50/100/200

Damage: D10 x 8(40)

Cap: 1-10

EV: 8/4

Cost: N/A

Avail: A little harder to find

Skull Blaster

So termed because of the huge sucking noise it makes when fired, this gun is absolutely huge. It has a full body mount that fits over the user's shoulders with the gun being mounted right over the person's head. It can reasonably fit most average-sized humans. The appropriate skills is Guns (Such Blaster).

Range: 50/150/450/1200/5000

Dam: D20 x 10(100)

Cap: 15-30

EV: 48/24

Cost: N/A

Avail: There are only a few of these on board, and they are in enemy hands

Small Alien Spacecraft

This is a relatively small round, saucer-shaped space ship. It is leant to the players by the survivors to get on board.

Weight: 7000

Speed: Mach 6/Anything in between (bear in mind that humans tend not to survive easily past Mach 3)

Acceleration: 500
Range: .5 light years
Toughness: 20
Armament: None
Handling: 15
DC: 500
AV: 600 (200 body+400 shields)
Accuracy: N/A
Cost: N/A
Availability: N/A

If you want to submit some new equipment, please [submit](#) them to us.



Story



Characters



Support



Flesh
Files



Product
Info



Links



Copyright © 1999 Eden Studios, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

Any questions or comments regarding All Flesh Must Be Eaten or this website, please [send](#) them to us.

Alien Zombie

New Monster

By Jon Thompson

Str 1 Dex 2 Con 2

Int 4 Per 2 Wil 2

DPs 12

EPs n/a

Spd 4

Essence 6

Attack: Bite damage D4 x 1(2) slashing

Skills: As desired

Weak Spot: The Spine

Getting Around: Life-Like

Strength: Ninety-Pound Weakling

Senses: Like the Living

Sustenance: Who Needs Food?; All Flesh Must Be Eaten

Intelligence: Teamwork; Problem Solving; Long-Term Memory

Spreading the Love: One Bite and You're Hooked

Power: 47 + (total skill levels)

Copyright © 2001 Eden Studios, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

Any questions or comments regarding All Flesh Must Be Eaten or this website, please [send](#) them to us.



New Creatures

Security Drone

These are security robots that bear a very strange resemblance to flying motorcycles with heads and arms. They do just what their name implies. Note that each is programmed to operate independently of the mainframe computer if necessary.

Weight: 500

Speed: 50/15

Acceleration: 15

Range: Unlimited

Toughness: 3

Handling: 6

DC: 80

AV: 3

Accuracy: 5

Physical Stats: Str 7; Dex 6; Per 6; Int 5

Armaments: Two Lasers, one Photon Gun (both as above). One in twenty is equipped with a Suck Canon. All may attack with claws for D6(3) x Strength, or ram for D8 x 5(20) damage.

Alien Guards

These are big, brutish mutated aliens that are very good at killing and smashing things. They basically look like a normal alien, but much bigger and meaner, with a set of huge, crab-like claws (in addition to arms), plenty of spikes and horns, and big, massive jaws. They too are undead.

Str: 8 Con: 6 Dex: 5

Int: 1 Per: 2 Wil: 3

LPS: 75

EPs: 150

Spd: 6

Essence: 12

Attack: Claw damage D8 x 8(32); Bite D4 x 8(16)

Survivors

These are the peaceful aliens before they have been corrupted by the virus. Their stats are presented just in case they are necessary.

Str: 2 Con: 3 Dex: 3

Int: 7 Per: 6 Wil: 4

LPS: 25

EPs: 42

Spd: 3

Essence: 45

Attacks: None special; Prefers weapon use

Special Abilities: Super-advanced technology, telepathy, crazy bodily probes



Story



Characters



Support



Flesh
Files



Product
Info



Links



Copyright © 1999 Eden Studios, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

Any questions or comments regarding All Flesh Must Be Eaten or this website, please [send](#) them to us.